

Delphinium

by Warrior Nun

Category: Pet Shop of Horrors, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Mystery, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Bunnymund, Count D, Jack Frost, Leon

Pairings: Bunnymund/Jack Frost, Count D/Leon

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-09-21 10:34:24

Updated: 2014-08-24 06:08:44

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:07:22

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 20,301

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: When Leon Orcot caught wind about a rabbit being bought from a certain pet shop, he became paranoid. There is no way that he would have to deal with another colony of flesh eating rabbits!

Howeverâ€¦what the detective doesn't know that what the Count has sold to his latest customer was no ordinary rabbitâ€¦

1. Chapter 1

This is part one of Dreamworks and Pet Shop of Horrors crossover, Shop of Love and Dreams, at first this is going to be a three way crossover of Rise of the Guardians and How to Train Your Dragon with Pet Shop of Horrors, making it two-shot. But I might submit the shorts in their own categories since I don't know if there are people in respective fandom that know what Pet Shop of Horror is. But nevertheless, please enjoy. Oh, and be sure to be on a look out for the mentions of the Big Four ;)

Pairing(s): BunnyFrost (Bunny/Jack), implied Leon/D

Warnings: Scenes of slash/yaoi, possible forms of violence, strong language, usage of tobacco, drugs, and/or alcohol, appearances of Other Characters, reference of the Big Four (the ultimate crossover of _Brave_, _Tangled_, _How to Train Your Dragon_, and _Rise of the Guardians_), possible case of Out of Character moment (otherwise known as OOCM), and disturbing imagery. If you find either one of these unsuitable, please look for fluffier fanfiction.

Disclaimer: I do not own _Rise of the Guardians/Guardians of Childhood_ or _Pet Shop of Horrors_; both are respectively owned by William Joyce, Dreamworks, Tokyopop and Matsuri Akino. OCs, on the other hand, I do own.

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* *
*

><p>Brrrrrring!

â€¦

Brrrrrring!

Brrrrrring!

â€¦click.

"Hello? â€¦.oh, it's you, it has been too longâ€¦how have you been,
old friend?"

...

I seeâ€¦I hope your godson and daughter will be alright. Hmm?
â€¦You'll be moving to the East Coast within the next month? Well, a
fresh start is good for everyone."

â€¦

"â€¦Of course I remember that favorâ€¦in fact, I think I have
required something of your interest."

* * *

><p>The shrill ring of the bell rang loudly, signaling the end of
another typical day in high school. As the students pour out the
classrooms, the hallway was filled with the numerous chatters of what
to do this upcoming Spring Break. Mostly talking about wild parties
when parents are out of town or something like that, complete with
strong liquor and loud music that is enough to keep the neighbors up
at night to the point of calling the police to handle it.<p>

Jack, on the other hand, has a complete different plan for his
break.

A heavy sigh escaped from him as he dialed in the combination code
that he had painstakingly memorized at the start of his junior year.
It has been a long week for himâ€¦so much of homework that he wanted
wiped off of the face of the Earth piling up, (meaningless) drama
among friends, andâ€¦

"â€¦A letter?"

A pure white eyebrow was raised as he observed the envelope. Other
than the fact that it was addressed to him and it was sealed with one
of those heart-shaped stickers that he often sees at the stationary
section in shops. Shrugging, Jack stuffed it inside his backpack
along with some necessary textbooks for certain classes that made his
backpack a bit heavier.

_I suppose it wouldn't hurt to read it when I get back homeâ€¦_that

was what he thought to himself, making his way out of the building and board upon the school bus, where he grabbed himself a seat by the very front. Jack place on his ear buds before placing some music on as the bus loaded up with other students came on aboard for home.

When the bus was fully loaded with the people that wanted to go home for the break (though there might be some that stayed behind for last after-school club meetings or something like that), Jack felt the vehicle set into motion; vaguely hearing some chatters here and there behind his seat, but overall it was a quiet ride home.

This gave him enough time to reflect on that letter he had received.

He noticed that he is somewhat popular ever since that he entered high school. But honestly, he had no idea howâ€¦from what Jack have heard, it was because of his snow white hair. (For some odd reason, most guys thought that his hair was dyed, not knowing that it was natural). Once in a while, he often was blamed for break-ups, despite the fact that he had no involvement in it or the knowledge of them. Oh, the lack of logic these daysâ€¦

But that doesn't stop admirers from sending in some love notes. Most of the notes have the creepy content are worthy enough for the recycling bin.

Jack blinked when he felt the bus halted, breaking his train of thought. He saw that they're finally at his stop, he gathered up his cargo and board off the bus.

"Thanks, Lucky," Jack bid his goodbye to their bus driver, whom in turn gave him a nod and bidding the white-haired teen a good weekend. He hummed along with the song that played within his ear-buds as he walked up to the porch, leading the front door of his house.

"_**And if you go chasing rabbits**_"

**And you know you're going to fall**

_**Tell 'em a hookah-smoking caterpillar**_â€¦|"

He sang along the lyrics as he rummaged through his hoodie pocket for his keys; when he finally got them out, Jack still singing along the song while opening the door.

"_**Has given you the callâ€¦|**_"

**Call Alice,**

_**When she was just small**_â€¦|"

Once he got inside, Jack removed the iPod dubs out of his ears and looked around the interior.

"I'm home!" he announced throughout the house, though the only thing that greeted him was silence throughout the house.

_Must be still asleepâ€¦|_it was just an assumption, but doesn't hurt to guess. Jack head over to the den that was connected to the living

room, making his way to the answering machine as he set his backpack upon the counter; when he saw the amount of messages that were received, Jack pressed play as he took the love note out to read the contents.

****You have 1 unheard message****

Beeeeeeep****

*****Jack, it's meâ€|I hope things were going well back there, and I do wish that you're with us here in Burgess. Don't be a stranger and drop a call, oh and your sister says hi. We love you.*****

Beeeeeeep****

****You have no new messages****

"I wish I was there too, Pitchâ€|" he whispered, feeling a bit mournful.

It was a Spring Break for his baby sister, Cory, and she and their guardian/Godfather, Kozmotis (or Pitch, as he affectionately call him, since it was a pen-name that stuck whenever he is doing some novel writing on the side) were visiting Burgess for a small vacation and visit old friends. Unfortunately, since Jack still has some part time work to worry about, and due to the time schedule, he wasn't able to tagalong. Much to his sister's disappointmentâ€|

But she was reassured when they told her that there is always a next time in summer break that is a couple months away, the only thing that Jack asked from them is tell their old friends that he said hi and bring him back a souvenir. So in other words, he has the whole house to himself for the next week and a half.

â€|Wellâ€|not exactlyâ€|

Jack opened up the letter and read through the contents from his latest admirer from afar.

"Jack, I have always watched you from the distance," He read out loud. Creepy way to start out but that's a norm to him. "And I know we haven't talked but I feel like we have some sort of connectionâ€|"

As he continues reading, he failed to notice a presence stalking behind him.

"Blah, blah, blahâ€|please go out with me." Then he set the letter down, with an eyebrow raised. "â€|Well, at least this person has slightly better grammar than me during essay revising sessions. Wonder who sent this?"

While Jack was pondering which schoolmate sent him this letter, he was suddenly wrapped from behind in by strong but firm arms. A smile grew on his lips when he felt the familiar face nuzzle against the crook of his neck. He looked over, greeted by the sight of grayish-blue hair and olive colored skin.

"Mmmmâ€|welcome home, Snowflakeâ€|" spoke a familiar deep Australian

accented voice.

Jack laughed a bit as he playfully scratched the taller man's chin. "Bunny, I thought you were taking a nap or something."

The response he got sounded like a grumble. "Just woke up a while agoâ€|" then came a slight yawn. "Then I heard you comin' in, missed yaâ€|"

The younger teen had to hold back a laugh when he felt a nibble on his neck, until he noticed that Bunny suddenly stopped. Jack blinked his striking blue eyes before pulling away a bit to take a full look at the latter's face. His emerald green eyes were narrower than usual, glaring at a certain spot that was on the counter.

"Another one of thoseâ€|" it was more of a statement than a question.

Jack sighed through his nose, gently scratching a certain spot behind Bunny's ear. He almost forgot that particular traitâ€|his kind is territorial.

Really territorialâ€|

"Yeah,"

Most of the time, he wondered if Bunny was always like this when they first metâ€|

* * *

><p>Author's Note(s):<p>

Cory - In reference to Kore, another name of Persephone, the spring goddess and Queen of the Underworld, which translated to maiden. May or may not also refer to Legend of Korra. Please insert your Avatar: The Last Airbender/Legend of Korra jokes here

Please leave behind a comment or review

2. Chapter 2

My God, it has been two months since I've updated my RotG/PSoH! OAO I am so sorry, you guys, but I have to make sure that I have smoothed out the second chapter. It has gone longer than I thought so I hope it was worth the wait.

This chapter details on how Bunny and Jack met, including the appearance of a certain shop owner...enjoy.

Oh and also, I apologize if there are overlooked errors.

I still don't own the rights to Rise of the Guardians and Pet Shop of Horror, both are respectively owned by William Joyce and DreamWorks and Matsuri Akino

* * *

><p>Two months agoâ€|<p>

It was only been a week since they moved into Los Angeles, Jack still hasn't gotten use to the change in the scenery. Which it was understandable since he is considered a small-town boy, the sight of tall buildings and a large number of people was overwhelming. Plus the smell might take a while to get used to, and the heat was overbearing in his opinion. A fresh start, Pitch told him and his sister one day, but just because they're moving out of Burgess doesn't mean they cannot visit from time to time.

Not reassuring, taken a lot of persuasion from the older man (who was aided by his daughter, above all people), but despite some disagreementsâ€|Jack couldn't be more thankful to have a godfather like him.

"Jack? Jackâ€|we're here now."

He blinked out of train of thoughts before taking in the current environment. It was like they have just traveled to another country within minutes by car. The western styles of buildings are now replaced by the Chinese signs and shops that have an oriental flair to them. No words could describe how Jack felt as he took in his surroundings. The only time he had seen Chinatown is on either TV or in those travel magazines, but in person, it was different. No doubt that his baby sister is in awe of this place as well.

"Whoaâ€|" was the first thing that left his mouth. He heard a gasp of wonder behind him, no doubt that Cora most likely to feel the same thing, looking out of the car window with glee. Pitch smiled as his godchildren looked around them in awe, it is a good idea to come here.

Jack's mind finally registered on what his godfather have said, practically blinking a few times before facing him.

"Wait, where's here?" there is a reason that they have arrived in Chinatown, and it was probably something other than sight-seeing and checking out the restaurants. Pitch opened up his door before turning to him with an innocent look, but he clearly knew something about something. Only way he could get the answer, is to find out for himself.

"There is an old friend of mine who owns a pet shop around here, I would like you and your sister to meet," then he smiled again. "I'm sure that you'll like him." Pitch looked over to Cora, who looks eager to get out of the car to see it all better. "All set, Sweet-Pea?"

The small brunette girl smiled brightly and made no hesitation to unbuckle her seatbelt. Jack laugh softly at her excitement, copying her as he undid his seatbelt before getting out of the car while their guardian play gentleman for Cora. The white-haired teen was greeted by delicious smells of street vendors and vaguely barbeque aroma that somehow escaped from various restaurants. He only had about a minute to take it all in before noticing that Pitch and Cora were waiting for him in front of what looked like an ornate oriental entrance. Or at least it looked like an entrance, since it have stairs leading down, probably to the true entrance. If that sign that says Count D has any indication.

Jack stared at it before turning to his godfather who was waiting patiently to him, Cora, on the other hand, was quickly becoming the opposite. Despite it were only a few minutes since they got out of the car.

"Is this the place?" it was a more or less rhetorical question.

Pitch nodded before gently taking Cora's hand. "Ready to go in, my dear?"

The brunette girl nodded eagerly, clearly couldn't wait to see the animals. Jack was admittedly curious about the shop, not to mention why its shop was designed like it.

He followed the two downstairs until they come across a pair of doors that resemble shoji-style doors of Japan, but no windows to promote what kind of animals to promote the shop. It somehow strike Jack odd that a shop that was supposed to sell pets be not only built in an underground setting but also have no windows. However he let all suspicion slid away as he followed his younger sister and guardian into the shop.

He was expecting the mixed odor of animals, dried products, and some oats, but what he didn't expect was a sweet scent. He couldn't tell what it is, but it has a mixture of fruits and flowers, not strong as those air fresheners that you find in cars or the perfume products that he had come across in department stores. But rather, for lack of definition, soft and somehow draws him in.

It's so sweet it was the first thing that ran through his head as Jack followed his guardian and younger sister inside. The interior also blew away Jack's expectations once more, if there is anything to describe it, it would be gorgeous. There are some elegant drapes here and there; he even spotted a coffee table along with what looks like a couch and a comfort chair. However, due to the dim lighting, that was all he could see other than a few plants.

All the while Jack was unable to shake off a feeling that they're being watched...

"Welcome to my pet shop," he heard a smooth silky voice out of nowhere, almost making the teen jump out of his skin. That is when the voice's owner stepped through the drapes. Jack couldn't believe the appearance of what seemed to be a man. That is if he is a man, if it weren't for the beautifully designed changsam style robes and manicured nails that were painted deep violet and filed to the point that they're practically sharp to the tip.

"We have everything from dogs to cats, birds to insects, and even reptiles. How may I help you?" then he paused as he took note of his guardian, his calm demeanor was broken by a look of surprise. "Kozmotis?"

There were only a few people that called him by his real name: his late godmother, his parents, and another old friend of Pitch's.

Pitch smiled as he walked over and hugged him briefly. "D, it's been too long." He said, before looking over to Jack and Cora. "Jack,

Cora, this is my friend that I have mentioned, Count D. D, these are my godchildren."

Jack smiled, remembering about being polite around new people, and wave his hand a bit. "Hello," he simply greeted. He briefly looked down to see Cora clinging close to him, looking bashful. "Hi." Came out a meek greeting from her, it was amazing how she went from exited to shy in an instant.

D, as he was called, smiled and bowed elegantly before them, as if they're born of aristocracy. "A pleasure of meeting his godchildren," then he shifted his gaze upon Jack, who cleared his throat when he was started to feel a bit uncomfortable. It was like he was staring right into his soul, picking out every little secret that he could find.

"Soâ€|umâ€|Pitch, how did you and the Count know each other?" Jack asked, trying not to show his discomfort.

The only friend that Jack has met personally is Manny Moon, a well-known rich philanthropist. He was a rather nice guy that have a comfortable air that have practically screams "fun uncle", especially whenever both he and Pitch visit them at the same time at family get-togethers back when their parents were stillâ€|amongst them. Most of the time, he was on one of those campaign trips for charity.

This man, on the other hand, he knew nothing about.

"I was a horse breeder in the past, and this man introduced me to Onyx," he explained. "You're probably too young to remember, but you always complain that she tried to eat your hair, thinking it was some sugar cube or something."

Oh rightâ€|he remembered that he once owned the Black Dreaming Ranch after retiring as general, right now ran by his older god-sister, Emily-Jane, when Pitch took him and Cora in. Not to mention that Onyx, Pitch's first horse, seemed to have a habit on mistaking his hair as a large clump of sugar. It was a rather interesting greeting every time he went by to visit.

But those were the daysâ€|

"I think I have the evidence to back that up," he said, remembering how the large black mare nibbled at his bangs.

The Chinese Count found it amusing, politely covering his mouth while he chuckled. "May we get comfortable over some tea?" he suggested, gesturing over to the coffee table and couch. "I have just made some cheesecake."

"That would be nice," Pitch replied before turning to his godchildren. "Shall we?"

Cora practically lit up at the mention of cake. "There's cake?" One had to be clueless on not to notice her excitement. Jack laughed softly as they were lead over to the seats that were reserved for guests while the Count gathered up the necessary supplies to make the tea. It was one of the blooming kinds where the herbal flower reveals its petals as he poured in the hot water. Jack never saw it beforehand; it was a rather beautiful sight for him. As the tea was

brewed at the right set of minutes, D poured in the contents with the elegance that seemed to take years to master. Not a single drop was spilled as he filled each of the Asian tea cups before they were each given to them.

"Be careful, they're hot," he warned his younger sister gently as she took the cup from him.

"Thank you, Count." She spoke politely, trying to be sweet as much as she can. The Chinese man smiled kindly at her. "Such a well-mannered child, you have here," he commented as D handed the dark haired man his tea.

Pitch smiled, taking the tea cup from his oldest friend. "I tried to raise them along with their parents," he replied with pride, blowing the tea a few times to cool before taking a sip. "Mmm, you always have the best taste when it comes to tea."

Jack waited patiently before being handed his cup. After giving the shop keeper his thanks, the white-haired teen took note of the sweet aroma wafting into his nostrils. It was a pleasant floral smell, reminding him of that he and his family went on one spring time. He sighed in content before taking a sip, cautious that he kept in mind that it was hot liquid that he was drinking. It somehow soothed him, all the way down to his very soul.

He didn't know that Count D took notice of this, but he could have sworn that one of his eyes was flashing goldenâ€¦

Maybe it was the trick of the lightâ€¦_that was what he thought to himself.

"Is this to your liking?" he heard the older man spoke. Jack almost dropped his cup, completely startled.

"Um, yeah, it isâ€¦" damn it, he was sputtering. He hoped that he doesn't sound like an idiot. The Chinese man didn't notice this and stood up, still smiling. Jack watched him disappear into what seemed like a small kitchenette, and took out a cheesecake that looked like it was made from scratch instead of the kind that you buy from stores that were open 24 hours. A few minutes later, the Count came back out with a tray with small fancy plates that held four cheesecake slices.

Jack was surprised on how much self-control Cora has when she was given her slice. "Still a sweet tooth as I remembered, old friend," he heard Pitch commented as they each took their own slice. "At this rate, you would get diabetes and cavities at the same time."

He noticed that Pitch sounded more relaxed than usual; a rather rare sight to see, the only time he saw him in that state whenever he have the chance to

"I have heard that comment so many times" D chuckled as he took his seat across from them. Then he turned to the younger occupants that sat beside the other dark-haired man. "I hope that the tea and cake are to your liking." His reply came in the form of a content hum as Cora took a bite of her slice.

"They're so good!" she took another bite of the cheesecake. Jack

stared at his slice before taking a bite of his own. The sweet flavor filled his mouth; he could almost feel the smooth texture on his tongue and from what he could tell from his taste buds that the base is actually made of cookies, not the graham cracker kind that he was used to.

What his sister have commented about the flavor is an understatement. It was like taking a taste of heaven. Jack set his plate down upon the coffee table to take a sip of his tea.

"I do not mean to pry," he heard Count's silky voice spoke up. "Butâ€¦I am sorry. It must have been terrible."

Jack almost spilled his tea as he flinched. Luckily for him, Cora didn't know what he was referring to, since he was being vague. The last thing he wanted to have her depressed, so he would rather leave her in bliss with her cake. Jack, on the other hand, knew what he was referring to. After all, that memory was still fresh on his mind.

"Thank you for your condolence, Countâ€¦" that was all he could say. He didn't know what else to say after that, just thought that taking a sip of his tea might be the best option.

It was only a few moments, but he could feel the tension in the air thickening. The only sounds he could hear are the ticking of a clock and the giggles of his younger sister, along with the sound of a squeaking animal? Curious, Jack looked over and almost did a double take at the sight of the creature that Cora was playing with. It looked almost like an odd hybrid of a bat and a small rabbit, with small horns protruding from its tiny head. It purred in delight as it snuggled against Cora's finger.

The Count set his tea down when he looked over, looking oddly amused.

"Ah, Q-chanâ€¦so that is where you have been hiding." He spoke before standing up. His eyes shifted over to Jack who in turn looked up to him, wondering what to do. "Which reminds me, Jack, if you please come with me to the back?"

All the teen could do was blinked his blue eyes and then turned to his godfather, asking a silent question; he know next to nothing about this man, and the only few things that he know is that he was the reason on how Pitch started his horse ranch and breed the best horses. However, he felt somewhat assured when Pitch gave him one of his rare smiles that he reserved for those that are closest to him. Telling him that everything will be alright, just trust the Countâ€¦

Without a word, he placed his tea beside his barely eaten cheesecake and stood up before following the Count to the backroom. Maybe this is where the pets have been stored in. Yet, that is another question that he asked to himself. As soon as he was lead into the backroom, Jack was surprised to see that it was a long winding hallway.

That's weirdâ€¦I always thought that the shop is smaller from the outside, he thought to himself. _I won't be surprised if this place is the TARDISâ€¦_

Never the less, he followed him close, finding out that there is no end to this so-called shop. What is stranger that all he could see are doors, each one are without some kind of label, not even a small window to peek in; and most of all the scent of the incense, it seemed stronger in here.

"If you are wondering about the smell, it is to eliminate the animals' odor."

Jack's attention was now switched back to the Count's back. "O-oh, really?" he tried to make it seem like he was paying attention, hoping he wasn't caught wondering about the hallway. It was becoming more of a maze when they made a turn on the left. Or is it right?

He can't rememberâ€¦

"Jack, I am fully aware that this is the first time that you have met me," D spoke further, not once missing a step as they journey down the corridors. "But I could assure you, your godfather's one and only desire for you is your eternal happiness."

"Yeah, I know." that was all he could say, of courseâ€¦he forgot. Pitch have this scary way of finding out what he is really thinking, how he really felt behind that smile that he practiced every morning in the mirror. Jack could barely hold back a laugh when he remembered that he called him Batman one time.

"Ahâ€¦here we are." Thank goodness for Jack's timing to stop before he could find himself colliding to the Count's back. The door before them is quite impressive. While it possessed an Asian flare, there are some intricate designs of what looked like daisies. What is behind that door really piqued Jack's interest. However, he needed to be kept on his toes; after all, Pitch is a firm believer in the phrase "curiosity killed the cat".

Count D pulled the door open, greeting the two in a blinding light. Jack could only shield himself and suffered a slight case of blindness, before adjusting to the light to seeâ€¦

"Waitâ€¦what is this place? Are we still in Chinatown?!"

Those were the first words that left his mouth as Jack took in his surroundings. Somehow he was beginning to feel how Dorothy felt when she traveled to Oz via tornado. Instead of some regular room, it has the appearance of an oasis in some unknown foreign land that was untouched by civilization. Lush greenery with beautiful flower patches of tulips and daisies, with willow-like trees that have what looked like cherry blossom petals softly falling occasionally. Jack could feel the actual heat of the sun above them, making him unzip his favorite hoodie before wrapping it around his waist.

Count D faced him, his smile never faltering. "I can assure you, this is a pet shop. Nothing more, nothing less, please do not be alarmed." Then he looked over to him for a moment. "Oh, and also, yesâ€¦we are still in Chinatown."

Yeah right! Jack thought to himself as he has no other choice but to follow the shop keeper.

As they venture into the corridor, the young man could see that this is not some sort of dream that he was having. He felt little vegetation on the way, confirming that they are genuine. They felt too soft to be plastic. Not to mention the faint sweet but fresh smell in the air. It was rather relaxing, almost reminded him of the forests that he loved to hike in back in Burgess. Thinking about his old hometown just made him homesickâ€|

However, he had to cut the reminiscing short when he noticed the Count had stopped in front of him, making Jack stop in his tracks as well. He took a look around and found a stream (which doesn't surprise him anymore) rushing by and there stood before them is a tall cherry blossom tree. The youth looked around before taking note that the Chinese man was looking around for something.

"Hmâ€|I'm sure he was here somewhereâ€|" he heard him mutter to himself. D held in his chin in a delicate way, pondering as he does so.

Jack blinked as he stared at him in curiosity. "Uh, who are we looking for?"

"Ya lookin' for me, Count?"

The youth almost jumped out of his skin from the sound of a new voice, which he recognized the accent as Australian, and obviously male with a slight tenor tone. From the sound of it, it was above their heads in the branches. The Count doesn't seem to be surprised at the addition of their "group", in fact he looked satisfied. He raised his head up, still smiling as his eyes pierced through the pink petals and black bark.

"Indeed I haveâ€|so this is where you've been hiding."

Jack looked up as well, seeing the elegant ebony branches covered with pink cherry blossom petals, along with tan covered limb that hungâ€|

â€|wait, what?

He squint his blue eyes to look in further and found out that what he saw was really a leg that was covered by what seemed to be tanned leather, hanging loosely from the thick tree branch. Jack trailed his attention over to find the full body of the owner relaxing on the said tree limb. His eyes widen with shock at the sight of the man in question.

There was one thing that could describe the man is ruggedly handsome, with his bluish-grey long hair pulled back in a low ponytail, leaving the rest fell in bangs to hang over his angular face and an exposed torso that not only showed off his sun-kissed skin but also the slight muscular and yet slim physique. Tribal-esque tattoos decorated his arms and forehead, from what Jack could see they somehow resembled flowers. He also took note that the man kept his body in top form, which is currently propped against the trunk. (And Jack would also note that he was shirtless at the moment). His eyes were closed in relaxation as the back of his head was propped up by his crossed arms, showing off his slightly ripped biceps.

Jack had come to terms with his sexuality a long time ago, but even

he know what a hot guy is when he see one! And this one takes the cake!

"I'm not hidingâ€¦I'm relaxingâ€¦there's a difference," came a smooth drawl as the man opened his eyes and looked down at them. They held the color of livid meadow in the spring time; Jack couldn't help but stare into the depths. It took him a while to realize that the man was staring back at him before turning away in order to hide the blush that was about to bloom on his more than pale cheeks.

However, unknown to him, the man noticed and he seemed to be pleased.

Jack only looked back up for a moment, just in time to see the Count taking a few steps aside as the man jumped down the branch that he was relaxing on, doing a small flip before landing in what seemed to be a perfect three-point landing that can only be achieved in films; even left behind falling petals as an after-effect. When the man straightened himself up, the one thing that Jack noticed is that he was freakishly tall, standing at least 6-7 feet.

Holy crap, he's a friggin' giant! Jack thought as he realized their height difference.

He didn't know what to do when the man was sauntering up to him, his eyes widened as Jack had to crane his neck up a bit in order to look up at him. The other man stared down at him- literally stared down at him- and gave him a thorough look over as he scanned his green eyes up and down. After a minute have passed, the man smirked at him before holding his hand out.

"A pleasure to meet ya, mateâ€¦" he greeted, almost purring. "I'm Bunny. "

Jack blinked as he stared at him in bewilderment while taking his hand into his own.

"Bunny?"

He briefly noted how strong his grip was in his smaller hand, almost enough to crush it if the latter wanted to.

The man now named Bunny just shrugged, giving his hand a firm but gentle squeeze in greeting. "A nickname by Testuâ€¦that horned bloke that vegetates on the couch gave me that." It was just a simple response, but still doesn't explain it. The way he spoke of the "horned bloke" was with disdain, if his grimace weren't enough evidence to prove it.

Wonder who that guy isâ€¦this Tetsuâ€¦ he thought to himself.

It took him a while to realize that Bunny was still holding his hand for a while before finally letting go. Jack took note that the other man's longer fingers trailed upon his palm a bit.

Luckily for him, D chose that time to speak up.

"His full name is E. Aster Bunnymund, and true to his nameâ€¦he is a rabbit."

The only thing that Jack could do was to stare at the Count and then at Bunny, and then back at the Count again.

"You-you can't be serious right?!" he finally spoke up, feeling nothing but disbelief. "This is obviously a guy! A human, not an animal,"

He's not suggesting what he was thinking that the Chinese man was saying, right?

Unfortunately Count D's expression didn't changed, only blinked once as he took a look at Bunny before turning his attention back to Jack. "I can assure you, Jackson, going as far as his namesake, he is indeed a rabbit."

What was his godfather thinking? This is gonna get them arrested, and Cora sent into the system even! Then he heard a rich deep laugh from the taller man, the Count is just smiling mysteriously as usual. This further filled him with confusion and suspicion. Just what is going on here?

"I can assure you, Jackson, he is indeed a rabbit," Count D reassured him, speaking in such charm and elegance that can only be found in refined aristocrats. "One of two types of his species that hailed from Australia; the only difference is that they're more unique." he took his place by Bunny's side and touched his arm a bit. Then he let out a sad sigh, his head was downcast.

"Unfortunately, he is the last of his kind, I'm unable to find a female that is best suited for him."

Then Count D turned his attention back to Jack, studying him with a singular violet eye as dark bangs covering his right one. He could have sworn that there was gold flashing underneath. Was it really the trick of the light? (Or whatever is lighting up this place).

"I reserved him specifically to you, since it would be beneficial for the both for not only yourself but also for Bunny as well. Companionship for two lonesome souls, if you say..."

"Uh-huh," That was Jack's only intelligent response as he took it all in. That part is understandable, a bit hard to swallow in a way though. But he can deal with that, now for the real question. "You've mentioned that he's a unique type of rabbit. Just how unique is he?"

This led the Count to smirk mysteriously, as if he was anticipating him to ask that question; it somehow unnerved Jack a bit, even more when Bunny was smiling alongside with him. Do they know something that he doesn't?

"A very special rabbit, the kind that I hope is to your liking," Again with the vagueness, there will be the time when Jack will say "give me straight answers already". But when he was about those voice then out, the Count produced a piece of paper completely out of nowhere, as if by magic.

Wait, when did he,!?

"Now, shall we sign the contract then?"

* * *

><p>"All you need to do was to follow these three special clauses: First, you must feed him plenty of eggs, vegetables, and water.<p>

Second, make sure that you take him outside regularly.

Third, and most important, do not feed him chocolateâ€|"

Jack nodded as he signed his name in practiced cursive (which he deemed as a useless writing method) before handing it over to Count D, who simply wrote down the letter D. Then he looked up to him, he could clearly see that the older man's right eye is indeed golden just like his godfather's, almost as if it was glowing. "I thought I might let you know, this shop is not responsible for whatever may occur to either you or your pet, should any of these clauses were broken." The way he said it so pleasantly, literally send chills down his spine.

It was scary almost to the point of Pitch-level! Jack couldn't help but swallow a lump that is vaguely forming inside his throat. Then he felt arms snaking themselves around his waist, making him look up to see the handsome face of Bunny, who smiled gently at him.

Jack cannot place his finger on it, he couldn't help but feel at ease around him. Weird as this situation might beâ€|but somehow, he had a feeling that it would work.

"I sincerely hope that you and your newest addition to your family will find happiness soon."

* * *

><p>Present timeâ€|<p>

Jack blinked out of his reminiscing when he felt Bunny rubbing his chin upon the very top of his head. He smiled as he heard a baritone purr as the white haired teen felt his arms tighten around him. Only two months has passed since they have moved to Los Angeles and already Jack couldn't imagine what would his current life would be like if his godfather haven't taken him to that pet shop.

But one thing that concerned him is how clingy he can beâ€|and increasingly so, now that he is noticing it. Not that Jack minded, but he is getting slightly annoyed whenever he brought up the mention of receiving love letters or being harassed for whatever reason at school. But still, it doesn't hurt to ask for advice.

Maybe I should give Count D a visitâ€|

* * *

><p>AN: I had a discussion with my friend, Ralyena Starrling (JackalyenMystique in DeviantArt), about the possibility on whether or not Bunny is a vegetarian or an omnivore. We both speculate that even though he likes carrots, he can also eat some forms of protein, mainly eggs. (Which in a way, it connects to the holiday Easter...). As for the third clause...you have to find out in later chapters

;))

Please send in comments/critiques please

3. Chapter 3

Happy (Belated) New Year to everyone of ! Are you all well? Are some of you gonna follow your New Year Resolution? Maybe? No?

I'm not sure myself! :D

Alright, this chapter may or may not be a filler chapter but still, let's just say it contains cameos of certain faces that you all may remember. Not to mention that there is a slight mention of the Big 4 ;)

* * *

><p>Delphinium chapter 3<p>

You get the sensation that you are so warm and comfortable, you just wanna stay that way for a while and don't want to wake up?

Jack is currently experiencing one of those right now.

The sun rays peeked through the blinds of his bedroom window, rousing Jack to awake rather reluctantly. He was about to stretch out but only to find himself being restricted. Blinking his blue eyes, he looked up and found Bunny purred as he hugged him closer to his body, he could feel the taller man tucking the top of his head underneath his chin. Jack smiled before snuggling into his arms, feeling rather lethargic and didn't want to leave the warmth that he had grown accustomed to.

When he first brought him before Pitch and Cora, he was surprised that neither one of them see Bunny as a man, and accepting the fact that he's indeed a rabbit. At that the time, Jack was wondering whether that there were drugs in tea, the cake, or-ludicrous as it sounds-, the incense that the Count used. But two months has passed, and neither one of the family have experienced withdrawal of some kindâ€|nor it didn't take long for Bunny to settle in. Though it is rather funny to have him and Cora debate on whether or not to give him water baths in the tub, the memory of his kid sister brushing his long hair was rather adorable.

The only thing that she complained was the fact that Bunny is that he always bunk in the same bed with Jack. Which is a good, in a way, the image of a grown man in the same bed as his darling younger sister is enough to send shivers down his spine. Of course, looking back, he was a bit paranoid at the fact that Bunny might do something to him while he slept.

Oh the way he slept for a couple of weeks was just awkward. Sure the bed was big enough to fit two people, but whenever Jack tried to keep a space between him and Bunny, he always found himself in the other man's arms whenever he woke up. Thankfully, kept his hands around his waistâ€|

But, Jack did warmed up to him eventually, even gotten used to the

fact that he sees him as a person while Pitch and Cora can only perceive him as a rabbit.

The unexplained mysteries of life and the universeâ€|

A sigh of content was heard as Jack wrapped his arms around Bunny's waist. He was about to fall back asleep until the sound of something rumbling was heard.

The moment was officially ruined.

A deep laugh rumbled softly against his hair, making him peek up and saw that Bunny was opening his eyes.

"Hungry?" it was a rhetorical question, there was a soft smile on his face as Bunny gently brushed the white bangs away to peer into the youth's blue eyes. Jack couldn't help but laugh softly at this.

"The usual?"

Bunny smirked as he placed his forehead against his.

"You have read my mind."

* * *

><p>Today's brunch is a vegetarian omelet.<p>

Jack was lucky to have Count D's number on speed dial, in case he needed advise from him since he's a first time "rabbit owner". A title that took a while to get used toâ€|

He carefully flipped the finished products onto two plates before heading over to the dining table to set it before Bunny who was watching him the whole time.

"Alright, Bunny, dig in," Jack said as he placed his in front of him before sitting down.

The taller man seemed to be inhaling the aroma as he sighed in content.

"I can't get over how delicious your cooking is, Jackieâ€|you'll make a mate happy."

Jack just smiled at him in response. "You always know how to say the right words." He said before digging into his omelet.

He was used to Bunny's compliments when he started to cook up his meals. He was lucky that his godfather have the Count's number so that Jack can call the Chinese man up anytime if he needed advice. One time, he asked if fruits are acceptable substitute if chocolate is out of the question. Thankfully, bananas or carrots are optional, just not all of the time.

Whenever Jack cooked up whatever vegetarian dish, Bunny's compliments would mention something about "mate" or something.

It was understandable, since in the animal kingdom, mating is their version of a wedding. Only difference between them and the humans is

that their bond will last. No betrayals...willing to protect their young to the deathâ€|just pureâ€|well, bliss. Sometimes Jack would envy them, he had no idea why people in this day and age would do such horrible things.

But this is not something to think dark thoughtsâ€|not good to start the day.

Besides, maybe it's Bunny's way of teasing.

But right now brunchâ€|

* * *

><p>The parks are one of the things that he loved about this city whenever the sun is shining brightly on a day like this.<p>

He enjoyed taking Bunny to places like this whenever he have the time, between school work and his part-time job. They tend to walk around leisurely or just relax in the shade of a tree.

Today is no exception, since they have enough time to kill, Jack figured to head over to one of the parks a bit before heading over to Chinatown. There is a particular favorite of his, he didn't remember the name but it is well known to be located between a Christian church and a Jewish temple, and nearby was the Muslim mosque. He is not much of a religious person but he does appreciate the beauty of the structures and respective representations of different cultures.

Jack sighed as he leisurely strolled along the path with Bunny followed closely by his side.

The two have been receiving odd stares in the past, but nevertheless, they both have gotten used to it. Though a child or two tends to wander up to them and ask if he or she can pet Bunny. It was rather funny, seeing a grown man kneeling down before a child to be petted, mostly on his nose. It also helps that Jack is a natural when it comes to children. Sometimes, he and Bunny would help an occasional lost child find his or her parents while at the same time try to bring a smile to the said child's face.

But nowadays, when things are calm and some people here and there-joggers, some kids playing, and a couple of food vendors- it was nice to have just stroll around and appreciate the scenery that the park has to offer. It was Jack's favorite time of day in places like this, it was even better to share with Bunny right now.

Then suddenly, Jack found himself shook out of his thoughts when he felt something ran into his stomach, almost had the wind knocked out of him.

"What theâ€|" then he looked down to see a small girl looking up at him with wide brown eyes.

The one thing that stood out was her hair; it was pure white like his, though the only difference is that her skin is lightly tanned. She seemed to be around 2 or 3 years old, it was hard to tell. The girl was wearing a simple white sundress and neon orange sandals. A really odd combination, in his opinion, but hey, who is he to judge?

Kids have the right to be creative in what they do in this day and age.

They both have a staring contest for what seemed to be forever, until the little girl held her little arms up.

"Da!"

Jack blinked as he stared at the girl in bewilderment.

"Whaâ€|?"

"Da!" the little girl waved her arms a bit, still expecting to be picked up.

Bunny watched before smirking at him. "Looks like the lil anklebiter thinks yer her daddyâ€|"

Jack blushed at the implication but managed to keep calm as he knelt down to the little girl's height.

"Uh, little girl?" he spoke in a gentle tone. "I think you might have mistaken me for something else, are you lost?"

The little girl stared at him, looking confused.

"Daâ€|?" she spoke out, reaching out to grab a lock of his hair.

"Kailash!"

Jack looked up and almost did a double take when he saw the owner of the voice. Approaching them is an almost exact replica of Jack but there are some differences. While he has Jack's white hair, his hairstyle was well-managed and have a silver tone to it by the way the sun shone upon his head; giving off an ethereal illusion. While Jack has electric blue eyes, this doppelganger has an aqua-green shade to his. That and he seemed to be older than him, looking at least around the age to be in college but yet still looked baby-faced. If there is one thing that they have in common is their fashion sense, but that was it.

The girl, now known as Kailash, turned around and smiled brightly, holding her hands out to him instead.

"Da! Da!" the way she chirped out to him was too cute for words, especially the way she waddled over to him.

Jack's doppelganger smiled brightly as he picked her up. "I'm so glad...you gave me and your mom quite a fright," then he looked over to him, smiling softly. "Thank you so much, this little bird tends to wander off sometimes." Then he turned to his daughter, probably, Jack couldn't see the resemblance. Plus, this man seemed too young to be a fatherâ€|

The youth ignored that for now as he smiled while shrugging casually. "It's no big deal...I'm quite good with kidsâ€|"

Bunny let out a chuckle. "I could see why yer ankle-biter could mistake him for you, you two look like twins!"

The man was scratched the back of his head in embarrassment at the information, while holding Kailash in the crook of his arm.

"I can see whyâ€|" he was about to speak more until another voice was heard, gaining all of the men's attention.

"Kailash, thank goodness!"

Jack looked over and saw a rather beautiful young woman with wavy auburn hair jogging towards them. She is dressed in a simple yellow plaid dress and has a rather elegant looking sun hat that is adorned with a yellow ribbon. She seemed to be around the same age as the man before them, and again, they seemed a bit young to have a daughter.

And now that he noticed, the young girl bore no resemblance to her eitherâ€|

He also noted on how bright the smile was when Jack noticed his Doppelganger was wearing.

Are they a couple? He thought to himself before turning to Kailash.

The said small girl seemed to be beaming when she saw the woman, reaching out to her as she approaches while keeping her tiny hold on her "father's" shirt. "Ma! Ma! Ma!"

An expression of relief was evident on the woman's face as she made her way to the Doppelganger's side.

"You silly little goose, wandering off behind our backsâ€|" the woman scolded lightly, tapping Kailash's nose a bit. This action caused the small girl to giggle before being lifted out of the man's arm and into hers, kissing her cheeks.

The Doppelganger smiled as he gestured over to Jack and Bunny. "You got these two to thank, Kathy," he spoke up.

Jack smiled as he waved a bit while Bunny nodded in recognition. Kathy smiled back in sincere gratitude before adjusting her daughter (still doubting) to settle upon the crook of her arm, like what the Doppelganger did before, reaching her hand out to the younger man.

"I don't know if this dummy said it yet but thank you for finding our daughter," Oh, so she is their daughter, probably adopted or fostered. Jack took note that her tone was light and teasing when she looked over to her boyfriend who has a mock hurt look on his face.

"Hey, I'm not a dummy!" he protested in a jesting tone.

Kathy returned the smile to him, almost lovingly. "Yes, but you're _my_ dummy."

She giggled as the tall silver-haired man bent down and place a kiss upon her cheek.

"We have to go nowâ€|thank youâ€|againâ€|" then she turned to Kailash

who was sucking upon her thumb for a moment. "Now what do we say to the nice big boy?"

Kailash somehow show that she understood her mother as she turned to Jack before releasing her saliva covered fingers with a small pop to wave at him.

"Bye-bye," she chirped out cutely.

Jack smiled back as he waved back before the couple carried the small white-haired girl away. He caught on a playful banter between the two, and heard Kathy said something about "Nightlight". He tilted his head to a side in confusion but shrugged it off before turning to Bunny who looked amused.

"They make a cute family, don't they?" he commented.

Jack blinked as he looked up to the taller man. "Huh?"

"The two love-birds and that anklebiter, they make a cute family."

It took him a minute to realize what he was talking about it, and nodded before turning back to the back of the said couple which is getting smaller and smaller.

"Yeah, yeah they doâ€|" he responded, smiling a bit.

It must have been nice, being with someone like that. Laughing, doing stuff together, all that couple stuff. But nowadays, finding the right one tends to be impossible. Most of the time from what he heard that sometimes love quickly leads to betrayal and eventually heartbreak.

Most of the time, he wondered if he could be like his parentsâ€|or like Pitch and his late godmotherâ€|

"So, I wonderâ€|" Jack felt weight upon his shoulder as he noticed Bunny's warm breath against his ear. "Do you think you can love me like that?" The white-haired teen blinked at the heaviness behind the question as he turned his head and found himself almost nose-to-nose with Bunny's. His eyes are now a deeper color of emerald, and there was some intensity in his eyes that Jack had never seen before.

It was almost as if they are piercing into his very soul.

"Whaâ€|?"

Then a wide smirk flashed upon Bunny's face as he cheekily poked at the very tip of Jack's nose.

"You gumby, I was only kiddin'," he then gently took Jack's wrist into his hand and urged him to come along with him upon the concrete path. "Come on, we've got time to kill before we head over to the Count!"

Jack just blinked in confusion as he allowed himself to be dragged by his "rabbit" before even had a chance to ask. Nevertheless, he couldn't help but smile as the duo continue their walk down the park.

They walked around, even grabbed some snacks of cinnamon pretzels along the way, before finding a spot underneath one of the trees. Bunny made himself comfortable upon Jack's lap while nibbling upon the cinnamon dusted knot-like bread.

It was Bunny's favorite part whenever they had their walks.

Whenever they find a spot to rest, usually underneath a tree, Bunny would make the youth's lap as a makeshift pillow.

People-watching is one of Jack's favorite hobbies when he found the time to just relax (and maybe have a snack on him). You'll never know when you'll find some interesting people especially on ordinary days like this.

Like for instance, a young brunet man, possibly a couple years younger than him, was chasing an oddly pink colored parrot (or at least, he thinks it was a parrot). "Gah, Morph! Get back here!" he heard him call out.

"Morph get back here!" the Parrot mimicked before flying to the other part of the park, keeping distance from the youth's hands. The way it squawked sounded like it was laughing.

There is a rather pretty young red-haired girl, probably around eight or 9 years old, playing with a younger boy in the grassier areas, from what Jack can see, the kid's hair tone was an odd but fitting combination of orange and ginger. It might be his imagination, but he looked like he was wearing a blue necklace.

He even saw a couple strolling down the park path, he noted that the brunette girl is rather young and the tall raven haired man was rather stiff and reserved, almost military-like. In fact, he looks like he is part of some military, judging by the uniform he is wearing but without any badges to show his rank. But the way they interact, the man seemed relaxed, taking in on whatever the brunette girl is saying. Jack continued to watch as they pass by a young dark-haired man who is carrying a small blonde-haired girl in a rather frilly dress. He could have sworn that he heard the small girl saying "Daddy, can we get some milk?"

He couldn't help but noticed how cute it looked their interactions are.

From the corner of his eye, Jack spotted a man, Asian descent from what he can tell, lounging against the park bench as he smoked, with a shorter man of the same descent leaning against him, he seemed to be sleeping. For some reason, the shorter man was wearing only one black glove on his right hand. The first thing that he thought was Michael Jackson, but he seemed to be too rough, for a better lack of word, to be an impersonator. Plus, he doesn't have the fedora hat, only wore regular attire of t-shirt and jeans.

"Goddamn it, White Hair, what can I do with ya?" an irritated voice proclaimed making Jack to look over and saw a lanky looking man walking down the path. He had the brightest red hair that he had ever seen, and it was pulled back in a ponytail, revealing an eye-patch over his right eye, which made Jack wonder if he got into an accident some time ago. He was dressed in clothes that seemed to be too warm for this kind of weather which consists of a heavy hooded coat as he

trudged down the path with heavy boots.

He puffed out a cigarette as he walked, that is when Jack took notice of another man following him.

The man that the redhead called (and following, how that he noticed) "White Hair" is clearly like how he called him. Apparently "white hair" is all the rage, though the man's hair was more shockingly white compared to his. He was paler than him, almost as if he never stepped outside all of his life. Like the redhead, there are certain things that stood out. His choice of fashion, for instance, is considered so impossibly cool it cannot exist in a Hot Topic shop, or real life for that matter. And then there were his eyes, he had never seen red eyes in real life before.

For some odd reason, there is something set him on edge, he couldn't place his finger on it, but considering on how relaxed the Redhead seemedâ€|he might not be so bad. Though he could not help but notice the chain that is lacing around his belt. Probably some sort of fashion statement of some kind, or maybe he's a cosplayer.

"Jack? Is that you?"

Jack blinked as he looked up and noticed a young auburn-haired teen standing before him. He narrowed his blue eyes before something clicked at the moment when he recognized the latter's forest green eyes and his freckles.

"Hiccup?!" he exclaimed in surprise before smiling. "Hey, what a surprise!"

Hiccup grinned back his trademark grin as he took a seat beside him and Bunny, crossing his legs into a lotus position.

"I know, right?" then he looked over to Bunny, tilting his head to the side. "So, this is the famous Bunny that I've been hearing aboutâ€|kinda big for something that is supposed to be tiny."

Hearing that, Bunny paused in his nibbling on the pretzel before opening one eye and glared at him.

"Who are ya callin' tiny?" he questioned, still holding his snack.

The white-haired teen glared at him slightly. "Bunny, be nice," he scolded him lightly. Then he looked up to Hiccup. "So what brought you here? Enjoying the first day of the spring break?"

Hiccup smiled crookedly before responding, "You can say that, I'm taking Toothless out on a walk as well."

Jack raised an eyebrow at this. He had forgotten but sometime ago, before he came to San Francisco, he vaguely remembered that Hiccup mentioning that he have a rather large (and rather exotic) pet that he had to take care of regularly. Caused some problems between him and his father along the way, from what he remembered (Merida, one of their friends, is a bit vague on the details). Whether or not he and his Dad made up is a mystery, to him at least. But since it was Hiccup's choice to tell him what happened, it was his callâ€|

"Which reminds me—what is this Toothless is like anyway?" it doesn't hurt to ask, especially since the only time that he get to talk and hang out with him is either between classes or at lunch.

The auburn teen thought for a moment as he rocked back and forth a bit.

"From what I know—Toothless is smart—bit of a smart-ass, actually," a small smile grew on his face as he thought about it. "But he's also playful—sweet—kind—caring—" The way he is talking about this Toothless is like a lovesick boy talking about someone special. How he sighed in content pretty much sealed the deal.

He remembered this one time that he used to have an unrequited crush on this one girl that everyone knows about—Hofferson, is what he recalled. Jack frowned to himself as he remembered the blonde girl with the braided hair, he didn't like her that much, considering her attitude, and especially how she treated Hiccup. And Rapunzel...oh, how Rapunzel wanted to whack that poor girl over the head with a frying pan that she somehow smuggled in her messenger bag...it took him and, surprisingly, Merida a while to convince her that it wasn't polite (and possibly legal) to hit someone with a frying pan in public. But over time, slowly, Hiccup was staring at her less and less from afar.

Jack assumed it was a good thing but what is Hofferson up lately is anyone's guess.

"Anyone I know?" a new voice spoke up.

Jack blinked as he looked up and saw a youth, either one or two years older than him. His skin tone is a shade darker than Bunny's making him think that they could be twins if it weren't for the hair color difference, while Bunny's is a bluish-grey, this teen's hair color is black as the moonless night. He has electric green eyes that have a color of poison.

Hiccup looked over and smiled brightly at him.

"Toothless!" he chimed as the latter knelt down behind him and embraced him.

Jack blinked in confusion. This is the infamous Toothless that he had been hearing about? From what Merida told him one time, it was a large black lizard that might be considered rare. And to quote her, "wouldn't keep his slobber out of her hair."

This Toothless—he has the looks that are enough to be in a fashion magazine.

But then again...there was Bunny.

The white-haired youth blinked twice before gathering his thoughts. "So—so, you're the famous Toothless?"

Toothless nodded as he stared at him. "And you're the famous Jack Frost," he replied. "I heard a lot about you from Hiccup here." Then

he let out what sounded like a rumbling purr as he nuzzled against the smaller youth's hair, making the latter laugh softly.

Jack took note at the closeness the two have, before glancing over to Bunny, who seemed to be more contented with eating his pretzel.

"I see that you got stuck with Peter Cottontail over thereâ€|" he heard Toothless spoke, making him look up.

Jack blinked as he stared at the dark-haired man.
"Waitâ€|whaâ€|?"

"Still referring to me to that Rankin/Bass abomination, huhâ€|ya sorry excuse for a cat imitator?" he heard Bunny spoke up, making him to look down and saw him opening up one eye as the said "rabbit" glared at Toothless.

Hiccup and Jack blinked as they looked at their respective companions.

Luckily the younger teen took the words right out of his mouth. "You two know each other?"

Bunny let out a huff as he continued to chew his pretzel.
"Unfortunately, he and I go WAY back longer than either one of us went home with ya, matesâ€|and I had to deal with his cod fish breath for God knows how long."

Just when he was about to get another bite, but instead of tasting sugar and cinnamon, all Bunny bit was air and opened his eyes to find his food gone.

"Ey, what theâ€|!?" he shot up from Jack's lap and looked up to see Toothless standing before himâ€|.with his pretzel. "Ya stupid reptile-give that back!"

Toothless just gave him a shit-eating grin before taking a chomp on the twisted bread.

Bunny suddenly saw red. "Ya bastard! Jack bought it for me!"

Jack didn't know how to react when the Australian sprang forward to the dark-haired teen before the two get into some sort of wrestling match, all the while with Bunny trying retrieving his snack back. Just watching them is almost comical, even Hiccup didn't know what to do. It was almostâ€|comical, especially the way they throw childish insults at each other.

"It's mine, Lizard-Cat!"

"Tough nubs, Long Ears! It's mine now!"

"You don't even eat pretzels, Fish Breath!"

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained, that's the saying, isn't it, Cottontail?!"

"Drongo!"

"Assbutt!"

"Gumby!"

"Idjit!"

Jack didn't notice when Hiccup took a seat by his side, but he broke off a piece of his pretzel and offered it to him while watching them wrestle. Somehow Toothless gained the upper-hand by having Bunny in a headlock but the latter managed to get his pretzel back.

"I never knew that Bunny could be like thisâ€|" the white-haired teen mused.

Hiccup nodded in agreement. "Me neither," he admitted. "I never knew that Toothless could have an enemy before I took him from the pet shop."

Jack blinked before looking over to him in confusion.

"Pet shop? You don't mean, Count D's right?"

"Yeah, I met Toothless in Count D's Pet Shop as well," Hiccup spoke before smiling a bit. "I have to admit, I had a hard time believing as wellâ€|but after a whileâ€|Iâ€|I find it ok, and being with Toothless made my life ten times better. You know what I mean?"

Jack stared at him before thinking about his time before he met Bunny and compared to the present.

He had to admit, despite some rough parts, Jack noticed that he became moreâ€|himself since his parents died. And Cora not only talks more but also smiled for real again. Ever since he started school, he managed to find fun, and finding kinship with people like Hiccup and the girls. It was almost as if Bunny renewed his hope for life again, even though it was within the span of two months.

Maybe Hiccup is on to somethingâ€|

"GAH! Ch-cheapâ€|shhhot, you oversexed rodent!"

Bunny just grinned at him in triumph as he held up his pretzel like a trophy.

"All's fair in love and war!" he crowed before chomping on his retrieved snack. "Ahâ€|victoryâ€|"

Toothless glared up at him as he clenched his solar plexus. "That's because you CHEATED, you ass!"

"Oh rack off, ya pansy!"

Then the raven-haired turned to Hiccup, having what Jack described as the cutest looking puppy dog eyes since Sam Winchester of _Supernatural_. "Hiccuuuupâ€|he's being mean to me!"

It was a rather pathetic, and kinda childish, whine, but he couldn't help but feel for him. Jack stole a glance to the younger teen and was surprised to find a blank look on his face.

"You started it, you deserve it."

Ouchâ€|that was harsh.

"But Hiccup!"

Toothless tried to use the puppy dog eyes method again, giving Jack the impression that it might be some sort of superpower that should weaken _anyone_. Like Kyrptonite toâ€|Kyrptonians, or something like that. However, Hiccup is immune to those eyes and stood his ground. Or sitâ€|

"Toothlessâ€|" his tone was low and stern, clearly didn't want to drag this on. Jack had to hold back his laugh as he took a nibble from his pretzel piece.

A heavy sigh as Toothless rolled his eyes.

"Fineâ€|" then he turned to Bunny who looked like he was expecting him. "â€|Sorry. Happy now?"

The latter just stared at him blankly before giving him a shit-eating grin. "Very."

But then Bunny noticed that Toothless flashed him his own smirk.

"Sorry that you're a pathetic excuse for an alpha!" then with a crow of laughter, Toothless immediately ducked from Bunny's punch. He tumbled over to Hiccup's side and picked him up like a bride before looking over his shoulder and stuck out his tongue at him.

"Later, sucker!" then he bounded away with a laugh as he ran off.

Hiccup managed to look over Toothless' shoulder at Jack's direction. "Nice talking to ya, Jackâ€|and great meeting you, Bunny!"

Jack smiled as he waved after them. "Later!"

"And don't show yer face around me, ya overgrown leather bag!" Bunny barked, shaking his fist after the retreating back of the raven-haired man.

All they heard was the fading laughter in the distant till the two are out of the park. The tall man let out a huff before plopping down on the grass and laid his head back down upon Jack's lap, chomping upon what remains of the pretzel angrily. He was trying so hard not to pout, but to no avail. Jack found the sight rather adorable as he smoothed out the long bangs.

After a while, the youth decided to break the silence.

"You and that Toothless guy seemed like good friends."

Bunny scoffed as he eaten the last of the twisted bread treat.

"Friends with that walking leather bagâ€|why yes, when all frogs learned how to fly."

"â€|It's pigs, actually."

"Is there a difference?"

* * *

><p>Please leave behind a commentcritique/review

Just so you all know, I have nothing against Rankin/Bass holidays specialsâ€|though I have to admit, the expressions and the animation is rather disturbing in my opinion. Plus, I had gotten into the Guardianverse portrayal of Santa Claus, Jack Frost, and the Easter Bunny. And once again, I don't have a problem with the character of Astrid Hofferson, I just don't think she is a good match with Hiccup.

And if you like, you can participate
inâ€|

SPOT

THAT

CHARACTER

CAMEO

GAME!

This part is actually optional, you don't have to do that, but since there are Easter Egg hunts in Disney films, I thought I might do it with certain characters that fans are familiar with, regardless of fandom, be it crossover, books, one of the top three animation studios (Disney, Pixar, and DreamWorks) even anime/manga and cartoons. And yes, Pet Shop of Horrors series is included, to those who have been reading the manga series (the first one, in particular), you might come across familiar faces.

And I might not have thrown in certain faces that some of you wanted to see, but there is a possibility that you might find mentions of them in the next chapter.

Have fun!

4. Chapter 4

Delphinium chapter 4

* * *

><p>Hey, hey, hey~ It's been a while hasn't it? God so much stuff has happened and Real Life rearing its ugly head, along with my yearly pilgrimage to Sakura-conâ€|it's hard to get a break. Not to mention keep the creative juices flowing inside my mind palace. But fret notâ€|I am not abandoning this story and others. It just had to take time to have each chapter completed. I know that there are a lot of demands for certain ones, like Ostara, but I will get to them at the moment.

Ok, in case there are people who have gotten all, here is the complete list of character cameos along with the media that they're from, in order of appearance:

Nightlight, Katherine, and Kailash â€" _The Guardians of Childhood novel series_ William Joyce/ the Atheneum

Jim Hawkins and Morph â€" _Treasure Planet _Disney

Jenny Foxworth and Oliver â€" _Oliver and Company _Disney

Karen Schneider and Dreizehn/Dora-chan â€" _Pet Shop of Horrors _volume 1 Matsuri Akino/TokyoPop (formerly)

William Foster and Lady â€" _Pet Shop of Horrors_ volume 2 Matsuri Akino/TokyoPop (formerly)

Kubota and Tokito â€" _Wild Adapter_ Kazuya Minekura/TokyoPop (formerly)

Badou and Heine â€" _Dogs: Bullets and Carnage _Shirow Miwa/Viz Media or Viz Signature

Toothless and Hiccup (obviously) â€" _How to Train Your Dragon_ Cressida Cowell/DreamWorks

* * *

><p>Thought I might let everyone know that I added a few more cameos in this chapter as well, so, to the winner who managed to get them all (or some) from this chapter, will get a cameo as either a background character with the role of occupation of choice, or an honorary Red Shirt who will die in the next chapter. Please state name, character info, etc in the comment box along with your review.<p>

Oh and also, I'm gonna place in more of cameos in future chapters, so just have fun with recognizing some characters that became the patrons of Count D's Pet Shop :)

* * *

><p>A hum was heard as Count D read the newspaper article while relaxing on the couch, with a cup of tea upon the coffee table and Tetsu snuggled up to his side.<p>

"What a lovely restaurant, I have to see if I can make a holiday to New Orleans somedayâ€|" he mused to himself.

His ears picked up the familiar sound of his telephone ringing, prompting him to set his paper down upon the table. Upon the front page, it shows a picture of a smiling couple standing before a restaurant that says "Tiana's Palace". The man is smiling brightly as he carried the woman as if they have just married.

D smiled at the picture before answering the phone from its cradle and brought it up to his ear.

"Hello, Count D's Pet Shopâ€|" The Chinese man blinked once before smiling at the recognition of the voice on the other line.

"Ah, Mr. Bjorgmam, it's been a while" then he paused as he listened, before chuckling. "Of course, Kristoff, my apologies, how is Sven? I hope he is doing well"

"

"I see I'm glad that you're both doing well" oh? Who is the lucky girl then? " He listened to the other line before laughing softly. "So that is how they both met. Please give my regards to the both of them. Including his future sister-in-law"

Count D looked up and heard the familiar chime of his front door opening. He smiled when he saw two familiar figures come in.

"I have a customer at the moment, I will see if I can visit you and Sven eventually" oh and before you go, I'm glad that Sven was able to bring you boundless love" then he hung up the telephone before turning to his familiar customer.

"Jackson, it has been too long," he greeted before turning to the taller man. "And I see that Bunny was treated well."

Bunny smiled as he raised an eyebrow at him. "Nice to see ya too, Count."

"I hope we're not intruding on anything," Jack spoke, smiling politely. While his tone was pleasant, D could pick up the sheepishness underneath. Not the type you see in teenaged demographic these days but rather refreshing. Compared to his first meeting with the boy those couple months ago, he seemed to be happier right now.

D just gave them his trademark smile as he straightened his robe sleeves a bit.

"Not at all, I just had a phone call from another customer of mine," he reassured him. "Currently having a holiday in Denmark with a lady friend of his" D gestured his manicured hand over to the comfy suits before them.

"If you please, take a seat."

Jack took a seat, taking notice that Bunny sat close to him as he wrapped his arm around his shoulders. Not that he minded, since it was his way of showing affection and speaking of that

"So, what brings you here today?" he heard the Count spoke, seeing him pour tea into the ornate cups. "Advice about Bunny?"

"Well, you can say that, more or less," Jack replied as the taller man relaxed against his side, he could feel Bunny's nose while his hair was being nuzzled against the white strands. "Bunny has been a bit clingy lately."

"Oh?" the Count said as he poured himself a cup before picking it up delicately and took a seat across from them. "Please, elaborate."

Jack tried to collect his thoughts, which is easier said than done

since Bunny kept nuzzling into his hair. He could push him away, but that would just encourage him further. Besidesâ€|he kinda liked itâ€|

"W-well, he became a bit moreâ€|affectionate to me when spring rolled in," Jack began, listing off the things that he noticed. "I could barely get out of bed for school no thanks to him, and he would ask these questions about the notes that I got in my locker and a week ago, he was complaining that he was too hot, even though it was slightly chilly. Oh and he was really aggressive to any person that comes near me."

The particular memory of exemplified the incident the best is still fresh in his mind. It was only a month ago, but he could still recall every detail. It was supposed to be a study session over at his house for a class, over fractions he recalled. They were in his room, and Pitch was out for some errands while Cora was at a friend's place. He didn't remember his classmate's name but he did notice the latter scooting closer to him. Just when Jack was about to look up, his study partner instantly scooted back until he was against his clothes drawer.

And that was then that he noticed that Bunny somehow materialized by his side, practically snarling at him.

After that fiasco, Jack hasn't talked to him again. Nor seen him since the next quarter rolled in.

In fact the only time that he cross paths with him was on the school grounds, the latter only took one look at Jack before stiffening up and practically speed-walked as far away from him as possible until he vanished into the growing crowd. It was almost as if he had seen a ghost.

"And that was itâ€|" then Jack looked up to the older man, his blue eyes were wide and somehow teary, this made him looking younger than his own age. "Do you think something is wrong with him?"

The way he spoke is like a young boy asking if his pet was going to be ok.

The Count sipped his tea before softly placing his tea cup down as he gave the young boy a gentle smile.

"From what I hear, these are normal for him," he spoke. "Jackson, you are familiar with rabbits, yes? Let's just say that this is â€|_special_ time of year for them."

Vague answers that make you think about themâ€|why do they always do that?! Just when he was about to question him, he suddenly remember a couple of things. The first one is the term "going at it like rabbits". The second one is _Animal Planet_ channel.

â€|_Oh_â€|

D didn't need to hold back a smile when the younger man finally connected two dots together. It was quite understandable; Jack was only a boy and still learning. But despite of that, he was still a bit more intelligent than a certain detective.

"So, do I need to, umâ€¦fix him?" the white-haired teen asked hesitantly. His attention was on the Count the whole time when Bunny stopped nuzzling his hair and stared at him in shock.

Noâ€¦he wouldn'tâ€¦he _couldn't_!

The Count let out a mirthful chuckle at their respective reactions. "Oh, noâ€¦I can assure you that this is a temporary thing." When he looked up, his dark hair parted a bit to reveal the familiar glow in his mismatched eyes. "But pleaseâ€¦do keep in mind of the third clause of our contract."

Jack nodded, remembering that particular clause. "I do, had to stop a kid from feeding him a chocolate bar one time." He was actually going to ask him what would happen if he were to feed Bunny the particular confectionary but decided to drop it.

If what he learned in life, some questions just lead to more questions.

"So, I'm guessing that I should just, wait it out right?" Jack asked.

Count D smiled mysteriously as the familiar bat-like creature flew by his shoulder, chirping out what sounded like "kyu-kyu". "It would seem so, unfortunately," he replied. "I know his behavior is rather uncomfortable at first but he would be back to his normal self within a week or so."

Jack listened in before giving him a short nod as he felt the top of his head being tucked in by Bunny's chin.

"I'll keep that in mindâ€¦thank you again, Count. Hopefully we'll see you next time."

* * *

><p>"How is this even possible?! That thing's friggin' huge!"<p>

Leon Orcot stared at the image of a large rabbit nibbling grass that was displayed on his computer screen before taking a sip of his coffee. It was amazing how you get used to the piss-poor taste on how many years on the police force. But what is even more amazing is how the death toll was rather low; lately all he had to deal with are purse snatchers and jaywalkers.

Not even one incident from a certain pet shop in Chinatownâ€¦

His train of thought was broken when he felt something bop him on the top of his head, Leon blinked as he looked up to see his partner glaring at him disapprovingly while holding up a file folder.

"If you still value your job, I highly suggest not dilly-dallying on the net and actually do a real job." She scolded.

Leon simply rolled his eyes as he closed the _youtube_ page. "Yeah, yeahâ€¦it's just thatâ€¦it was so boring lately. Not even one interesting case."

"You miss the Count?" her tone was low and teasing. The latter looked up and scowled when he saw a small smirk on the woman's red lips.

"Oh, shut up, Jill!" he grumbled. "I'm still going by my gut that he's on to something!" The Leon turned his attention back to the computer so that he wouldn't show his partner that he was pouting. "Iâ€|just need to find something to pin on himâ€|"

The brunette woman just smiled before taking her seat across from her male counterpart and look through the files. A heavy sigh escaped from his lips as he glared at the computer screen before him. As much as he hated to admit it, but in a really odd and somewhat fucked up way that is enough to make the _Twilight Zone_ look like _Sesame Street_, Leon â€|not that he is ever, EVER, going to admit it to Jill- does miss the enigmatic Count.

Even though his superior-than-thou attitude drove him up the wall, D seemed to have grown on him. Not to mention that he is a huge help of taking care of his kid brother.

But nowadays Count D had been selling some mediocre pets from hamsters and goldfishes to cats and dogs. Not to mention that he has been busy.

Kind ofâ€|

Leon blew up a stray blond hair as he glared at the screen. Then he looked over to see Jill looking over to his partner in crime as she scanned the documents.

"So what do you got there?" he asked. Just out of pure curiosity, it was not like he had anything better to do for today.

Jill shrugged as she flipped to the next document.

"Just some noise complaints from the neighbors," she replied. "Said something about a kid constantly screaming and crying every nightâ€|"

Leon blinked as he looked up at this information. "It's not child abuse, right?" People can say what they want about him being uncouth and (in Jill's words, not his) piggish, he does take his job seriously as a cop. And kids having terrible things done to them, those are one of the things that he would not stand.

Fortunately for him, Jill shook her head as she adjusted her glasses. "Not really, it was confirmed by the parents that their daughter is having constant nightmares. Been going to therapists and tried some meds."

"Huhâ€|nothing major, I hope."

"Oh don't worry about it. It was just bad dreams."

* * *

><p>Later that nightâ€|<p>

"We're at the end of our rope..." a dry swallow was followed as he

took a careful sip of the tea that he was offered, finding his words in order to continue.

His wife sat by him, slightly rocking a small girl with pigtails, somewhere around the toddling age, who clenched her mother's shirt. The poor thing looked exhausted, nodding once in a while against the familiar bosom. Both of them look worse for wear, and considering their rather casual attire, it was no surprise that they forgo of actually dressing up more properly.

"We have tried therapists some medicine none of them work," then the man looked up to the Count, his brown eyes almost looked watery. "But the nightmares kept coming, and our daughter won't sleep at night. One of the neighbors threatened to call the child services but I but I"

He choked up as he covered his face and silently sob.

His wife stared at him worriedly while rubbing his back comfortably. "What my husband is trying to say, Count, is that we need your help. We got no one else to turn to."

The Count nodded as he placed his tea down before standing up from his seat.

"I see, so that is why you come to see me," he finally spoke while straightening out his changshan. He looked up to them, smiling mysteriously as he raised his manicured hand before the young girl. "I believe I have a pet to remedy that. But in order to do so, your child must be the one to come with me. It would be better for the pet in question to recognize its master when she is alone."

There was reluctance and hesitation was evident on the Mother's face as she glanced at him before at her daughter. Not that he could blame her...maternal love is a rather pleasant feature. But if past experiences have taught him something about that particular aspect, too much of a good thing would end up in terrible consequences. However, this one is rather careful when raising their child, so he is willing to give the couple the benefit of a doubt.

A little bit

After a while, the Mother finally sighed as she gently aroused her daughter awake.

"Baby, wake up," she softly urged her. "Come on, Mary this nice man is going to show you something"

That must have given the small girl enough motivation to wake up; a soft groan was heard as she rubbed the sleep away from her brown eyes. Mary, her name he assumed, blinked a few times before wordlessly stared up at the Count. It was stared at him for a good minute before looking at her mother, whimpering softly; almost as if she was silently telling her mom that she didn't want to go.

Her mother seemed to have gotten her silent plea and gave her a reassuring smile.

"Don't worry, sweetie, we're here to get you a present something that would keep the monsters away."

Mary blinked once before turning to the Count and softly spoke out "ok". This signaled her mother to gently let the small girl down from her lap; the dark-haired girl toddled over to the Chinese man's side and shyly grabbed the fabric of his changshan. She smiled at her, whether it was to comfort her child or herself, D does not know. But he kept his face neutral as she looked up at him.

"Are you sure she can be safe?" A typical response of a mother expressing her last minute concerns. D just gave her a reassuring smile as he gently patted Mary's head.

"Please do not worry, I am sure that she would safe" then his smile grew mysterious when he looked up to her.

"The pet that I have in mind for her will protect her as long as he lives"

The last thing she remembered when she woke up from that scary dream is that Mommy said that they are going to a pet store.

She and Daddy are going to get her a pet that would drive the scary dreams away.

At least that is what Mommy said before she fell asleep in the car. And then they went to one of the pet shop with the prettiest smells that reminded her of grandma.

The next thing Mary knew that she was following a man that looked like a lady, and leading her down a really long hallway with a lot of doors.

The further they head down, the darker the shadows seemed to be around them.

A whimper escaped from her lips as she clung closer to the man (or is he a lady?)

The strange man (she was guessing for now) seemed to know and placed a hand upon her head. Just like how Mommy did whenever she was scared.

"It is alright," he spoke to her softly. "Your pet is just right up ahead."

Mary nodded, walking closer to him. If she wanted to be honest-honesty is the best policy- she always wanted a pet of her own. A hamster is too small and easily to be lost, birds are too messy. Dogs are ok-but she does like kittens the best.

"Here we are" the man spoke as soon as he stopped walking. Mary blinked as she looked up and saw a door. There was nothing special about it, while she noticed that the other doors are rather pretty with strange shapes-this one is rather plain. It was made of some sort of dark wood, almost reminding her of a closet door

She blinked her brown eyes before looking up to the man in curiosity.

"Your pet is beyond this door-a pet that would be with you for a

very long time." And with that, he slowly opened the door before them, revealing a very dark room. She couldn't see a thing within the room, until Mary saw that it was not entirely empty.

It was rather large, and hulkingâ€|and it seemed to have hornsâ€|

And glowing blue eyesâ€|that are staring at herâ€|

Mary blinked once. Then twiceâ€|and then after a while, she smiled, and reached out before the strange creature before her.

"Kitty!"

* * *

><p>I have to find some way to include Leon in this story ;) I hope this would make up my absence.<p>

5. Chapter 5

I thought I might let everyone know that I have made an account on Archive of Our Own/AO3.

Just in case that decides to delete my stories for whatever reason (too mature, slash relationships, I don't know). My username is still the same, WarriorNun. Just in one word this time. I have to admit it might take a while for me to get used to that site but you can't be too careful.

Oh and this chapter might mention a certain pairing that I just got into, thanks to Ralena Starrling. And additionally there might be another collaboration that will be posted here on my account. Just to place a word out, you don't have to read it.

Oh and certain characters belonged to FangandIggyRule and kimberlyHarris1990 of dA respectively as result of getting all cameos in the last chapter, I hope I did your characters justice!

* * *

><p>Delphinium 5<p>

* * *

><p>Last chapter:<p>

Mary blinked once. Then twiceâ€|and then after a while, she smiled, and reached out before the strange creature before her.

"Kitty!"

* * *

><p>"â€|now for breaking news, we got a wedding that would place the wedding of Prince William and Catherine to shame. Expert Adventurer Aladdin Nights and decorated veteran Hercules Harrison are set to tie the knot! Presiding over the wedding will be the close friend of Nights will be Lady Prime Minister herself, Jasmine Moon from the

Agrabah Republic. There will be some familiar faces that will be in attendance such as Professor Xavier and the famous Tony Stark. There are some rumors that Olympian will be making his grand entrance on his childhood horse, Pegasus, so we'll be expecting more details as they come."

The reporter then switched over the papers before continuing on her report.

"In other news, a local taco stand was robbed last night of all its pre-packaged chimichangas. Police suspect a felon known as Wade Wilson. His track record includes vandalism, inappropriate exposure, and bringing sexy back."

That is when she paused at what she said before looking back at the papers.

"Who wrote this?"

Jack couldn't help but burst out laughing at the flat television screen as he held onto his egg and toast.

"I love the news forecast." he commented before taking a bite of his egg, relishing the heat of siranacha sauce.

Breakfast for today is sunny-side up egg and toast with some fruit.

Since their trip to Chinatown yesterday, Jack took note of the Count's advice and kept the chocolate hidden and locked up. Sure it was ridiculous to think that Bunny would go to the cabinets at night to have a taste, but since he has opposable thumbs, he had to stay on the safe side. The big lug was clingy enough as it is- and even more so, thanks to his heat- but he could have sworn that he heard purring as Bunny snuggled closer to him and almost succeeded in destroying the alarm clock while still asleep. Poor Jack had to spend 10 minutes trying to pry the taller man's arms off of his waist, before telling him that he had to go to work today.

And that is when Bunny insisted on coming with him.

No matter how many times Jack told him that it would be a few hours, or made sure that he would leave food out, Bunny still insisted on accompanying him to his workplace. Which he had never done that before-

As much as he hated to admit it, he caved in.

So here Bunny was as he sat across from him, helping himself with the food that his owner cooked for the both of them, savoring each bite from his meal.

Jack sighed as he stared at him. "I'm only going to bring you along just this once-" he told him. "You're lucky that my boss is an easy guy to get along with."

The tanned man paused in his mid-bite from his toast and looked up to his owner with a rather sweet smile.

"Don't worry, Mate, ya wouldn't know I was there," with that, he took

a bite of his toast and resumed eating.

Jack could only shrug, trying to show indifference but failing from keeping a smile from his face as he finished off his breakfast. There times that he cannot seem to bring himself to hate this rabbit.

"So, ready to head out?" Jack asked as he adjusted his favorite blue hoodie.

He knew that it was warm around this time of year but it was mostly out of habit. Well, actually it was a partial reason.

The hoodie jacket is-or rather, was- a birthday gift from his parents. Jack made sure to take good care of it, especially when it comes with laundry day. Making sure that not one embroidery stitching of the frost design was out of place and careful not to have dirt on it.

Butâ€|enough about dwelling in the past, what matters is now.

"Yeah, I am," Bunny confirmed it as he chewed upon a straw of hay. He looked over to him as he placed hands in his pockets in a relaxed manner, giving him a small smile before offering the crook of his arm. "Shall we?"

Jack couldn't help but laugh as he shook his head while opening up the door.

"Silly rabbitâ€|" he muttered.

* * *

><p>"Hey, Felix, what's up?" Jack asked as he walked inside the office to clock himself in.<p>

A young girl looked over to him as she tied her work apron strings. She seemed to be around Jack's age, her chin-length brown hair was held back with hair pins to keep the bangs out of her face while she work. Felix, full name Felicia Summers, is a casual friend to him since they met on their first day on the job.

"Oh, hey, Jack, nice to see youâ€|" then her voice trailed when she saw who is accompanied him. She blinked her hazel eyes as she stared while Jack simply grabbed his own apron and tied the strings behind his back.

"Jackâ€|why did you bring a rabbit here?"

The white haired teen looked up with an "hmm" before looking over on what she is talking about. It literally took him at least ten seconds to realize why he brought Bunny along and coming up a legitimate answer.

"He gets lonely, easilyâ€|and I thought I could bring him along to show him around the kids."

Felix wasn't too sure as she watched Jack bring the rabbit to the playroom to prepare for the start of today's shift.

"I'm not sure if it's a good idea, Jackieâ€|." She spoke. "I mean the

kids might be rough with him."

"Don't worry about it, I'll be there to watch over them, I'll make sure that they would be gentle" then he looked over to his rabbit, looking like he was reassuring himself than her. "I hope"

Felix stared at him for a moment before shrugging her shoulders. "Alright, but don't blame me if something goes wrong or if Tyler is actually allergic to fur." she warned him before heading over to the playroom to prep up.

Jack cackled his signature laugh as he stared after her. "Hey, you know me, Summers!"

The brunette girl shook her head as she took an anti-bacterial spray and a clean towel to make some last-minute cleaning. Sometimes she can't find in her heart to dislike him, even when he is acting younger than his age; their youngest co-worker-Peter, she recalled-looked up to him like an older brother. As much as she doesn't mind his quirks, the latest one-kinda concern her a bit.

Where exactly did he get a rabbit that size?

* * *

><p>"Bunny!"<p>

"Big Bunny!"

Chatters and squeals of children were heard as Bunny sat in the middle of them, allowing them to pet, stroke his hair, even let one of the girls to tie ribbons in the long silvery locks. Whilst the tanned man sat cross-legged in the middle of them as the children are either crowd around him or playing elsewhere.

Jack held back a laugh at the disgruntled look on his face and arms crossed over his chest. He had a feeling that he was having second thoughts of coming along with him today. But still, it was worth it to bring him along, if anything he would hate to come home to find an agitated Bunny waiting for him.

At least he made sure to include "be gentle" after introducing him to the kids when they came in.

When playtime finally rolled around, most of the kids took this opportunity to get to know Bunny better under the watchful eye of Jack as he made sure that they are careful while Peter and his older sister, Bell (from what he remembered) took some of the kids out on a nature walk. The kids coo over him as they climb up on his back and shoulders, while he still kept the stoic look. "Having fun, Bunny?" Jack finally asked as he watched.

The said Australian looked over to him with a mock-glare, while a small girl climbed up on his shoulders.

"Oh, rack off!" he replied gruffly.

Jack laughed as he surveyed the room, leaning against the table. He made sure to place out some snacks in case the kids are hungry. He made himself busy to organize some things a bit but not before

looking over to see if the little ones aren't roughhousing poor Bunny. And as soon as he looked, they are still cooing and petting him while he still sits with a dour look on his face. Although a few caught sight of the cookies and juice pouches and toddled over to the small table.

He took it as a good sign before posting up some certain art pieces from the arts and crafts time on the available space of the wall.

"You want sum?" he heard a little boy asked, assuming that he was offering to one of the children.

They did gently teach them that "sharing is caring" from time to time, among other things, so it wasn't something that Jack should worry about.

"Sure, ankle-biter, why not?"

Jack instantly stiffened when he found out whom the kid was offering to, and when he looked back on the snacks that Felix picked out, one of them are chocolate based. Looking back, he saw a little boy was offering Bunny what looked like a cookie with chocolate chips

_Crap! _

"Wait! STOP!"

But it was too late, as soon as the words left his lips Bunny had already taken a bite from the cookie. He instantly dropped what he is doing and practically brisk walked over to where Bunny was sitting, not before gently ushering the children aside and grabbed the tall man.

"Bunny spit it out! Spit it out now!" he urged, panicking.

Unfortunately for him, the tanned man already swallowed it. And already he was looking at the possible worst case scenario

This shop is not responsible for whatever may occur to either you or your pet, should any of these clauses were broken

He just had him for four months, he can't lose him!

"Felix! Felix!" Jack called out for his friend as soon as Bunny let out a groan. He didn't know if he was in pain but he needed to take him to the pet shop as soon as possible! Jack looped Bunny's arm over his shoulder as he kept him up.

The brunette girl ran in from another room, her eyes widening at the sight.

"Jack! what just" she stuttered.

"I have to get help for Bunny," Jack quickly told her as he ushered his friend over to the door. "Can you cover for me? I promise I'll explain to the Boss when I get back"

"S-sure but should you call the vet or somethingâ€|?" Felix suggested as she quickly tended to the children, who didn't know what was going on and seemed upset.

"There's no time for that! But I know someone who would help!"

And that was the last time she heard from him as soon as he walked out of the play-room before quickly reassuring the children that everything is alright. Felix glanced over to the small table of snacks that she helped placed out and noticed that one of them are chocolate chip cookies.

"Oh, man."

* * *

><p>Please leave a comment or review<p>

6. Chapter 6

It has been a while and for that I apologized. Not only i have the uploading of my adopted fanfic, Flicker, to deal with but also with an upcoming collaboration MARVEL fanfic project that myself and my friend are working on. But rest assured that I will try to update certain stories regularly, hopefully. And also, to those who are interested, I am starting up a concept art line of not only my own fanfic works but also certain favorites of mine on dA :D I already posted a couple up, so look forward for more.

With that said, please enjoy

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><p>Delphinium chapter 6<p>

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><p>Last time on Delphinium:<p>

And that was the last time she heard from him as soon as he walked out of the play-room before quickly reassuring the children that everything is alright. Felix glanced over to the small table of snacks that she helped placed out and noticed that one of them are chocolate chip cookies.

"Oh, man."

* * *

><p>Jack couldn't be happier to have a scooter for his 16th birthday instead of a classic car. Sure it was cool to have a car, but it seemed confining on all four sides, the scooter provides more freedom and giving him the thrill as he felt the wind in his hair. He always enjoyed that feeling whenever he was out running errands. However for today, he can't have the luxury to enjoy that feeling.<p>

Right now, he has a possibly poisoned Bunny to deal with and he needed to head over to Count D for help.

Even though the third clause of the contract was practically breachedâ€|

But he really needed the man's help, since Bunny was groaning and seemed to be heating up from what he could tell by the touch of the latter's bare skin.

"Don't worry, Bunny," he reassured him as he placed his helmet on with one hand while at the same time keeping the taller man up.
"We'll get ya some help."

"Uggghâ€|.Jackieeeeeâ€|"

Oh, noâ€|he's getting worse. Jack had to hurry up and get to Chinatown, or else he had to bury him in a pet cemetery! He managed to grab his helmet and scooter key on the way out before heading out into the parking lot. Jack placed on his helmet with one hand while keeping Bunny upright who was leaning closer to him.

"You think you can stand on your own?" he asked.

"Uhh-huuuhâ€|" The drawled out response was all Bunny could muster, but that is good enough for Jack. He stumbled a bit but managed to lean against the scooter for support while the white haired teen took the moment to start the engine. After a turn of the key, the engine finally roars to life, Jack helped Bunny on the backseat of the scooter before taking up on the driver's seat. He adjusted his helmet a bit before looking over to the ailing rabbit with concern.

"It'll be okâ€|just hold on tight, Bunny!"

Please, God, let Bunny be okâ€|

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><p>Leon sighed as he drove by in his car, debating about between a hotdog from the stands or maybe a quick pick-me-up from one of his favorite burger joints. It was another uneventful day, though he did get a phone call about a family bringing in a rather odd looking toy. He brushed it off as a possible prank call but thought about looking into it later.<p>

He would have liked for it to be a call about something going on at the Count's "pet shop". That would make Leon's boring day the greatest day ever. But so far it seems like the Count has been lying low. The detective groaned as he continued to think of something he could do.

Just then, out the corner of his eye, he saw a young man riding a scooter. Two things about the person stood out to Leon. One, the young man's hair was a snow white color which was not common. And two he was carrying something...or rather the something was riding on his scooter. It was a rabbit...a six foot TALL rabbit. Leon did a double take and suddenly his bored, sleepy eyes nearly burst from his sockets as they bulged in shock.

"What...the...FUCK?!"

With those words spoken, he quickly pulled over for a last minute parking before searching rapidly for his cellphone around the car

until he reached into the glove compartment. He made a speed-dial to a familiar number and tapped his finger to the wheel in impatience.

"Come on...come on..." he grumbled, as if urging the other line ringing to get the Chief's attention already.

And luck maybe on his side, when the line finally picked up.

"This better be good, Orcot." the gruff voice of his superior spoke.

"It's better than good, Sir! It's fantastic!" Leon exclaimed.

"Well what's so fantastic that you call me on my day off?" The Chief asked.

"I think I finally got evidence to nail the Count's ass to the wall!" Leon was practically grinning now.

"What is it?" The Chief sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose, knowing the same song and dance that he was too familiar with.

"I saw a kid on a scooter with a giant rabbit riding at the back!" And knowing his past experience with rabbits, this might not be good. After all, the last thing he wanted to experience is another swarm of killer bunnies. It took him a while to be able to taste sweets again.

Now this oneâ€|oh sweet Jesus, this would definitely place that damned Count's fancy, arrogant ass behind bars for good!

There was a moment of silence on the other line, making Leon stare at the phone before placing it back on his ear.

"Chief?"

"You needed this vacation more than me, Leon." The Chief said before hanging up.

All that Leon heard after that was the dial tone.

Leon blinked once...and then twice...before it finally clicked into his brain.

"Fuck!" he swore before turning on the engine and drove out into the street, driving down the street to head over to the destination that he was oh-so familiar with.

He and Count will have a little talkâ€|

* * *

><p>"Count!" Jack cried out as soon as he practically burst through the doors, with Bunny in tow.<p>

The said shop keeper didn't seem to be fazed by the fact that he practically burst in what seemed to be his break time as he sipped his tea. He noticed that there are other animals that were sprawled by him, as birds of every kind flutter their wings about and more

than a few heads were raised. He also took note of what looked like a vicious looking goat creature with rather feline-like paws lounging upon the couch with Count D, along with what he assumed to be a raccoon. Feeling Bunny grip his shirt was enough to regain his attention back to the issue at hand, adjusting his hold on him.

"I'm sorry for barging in," he began, feeling Bunny's temperature getting hotter and hotter. "But I need your help!"

The Chinese man elegantly placed the oriental cup down as he crossed his manicured hands upon his lap; all eyes are on him and Bunny, almost as if they were judging him while bearing into his very soul. Jack swallowed dryly, feeling the tension of their gaze.

"You have broken the third clause of our contract." It was more of a statement than a question.

Jack could feel the palms sweating as his heart rapidly beat faster, the sounds of Bunny groaning and panting wasn't really helping the situation.

"I-I knowâ€¦" he stammered out. "But I could explainâ€¦"

"I specifically say that this shop is not responsible for whatever may occur, should any of these clauses were broken. Did I, Jackson?"

Jack could hardly breathe now, this is bad. This is really, really bad. As much as he wanted to know how the Count knew about the third clause being broken, the most important thing to worry about is Bunny, who was gripping his shirt so tight that he was afraid that he might tear it off. He took a deep breath and exhaled before venturing further in, noting that there are some growls and hisses from the animals as he pass by. The birds squawked about in their cages while fluttering their wings. It was likeâ€¦they don't want him to go any further.

"Iâ€¦I knowâ€¦but it was an accident I swear!" he protested. "I brought him along with me at work, and it was snack timeâ€¦and one of the kids gave him a cookie andâ€¦"

"That is no excuse." Count D cuts him off, staring straight at him. That is when he really saw the other man's right eye clearly. The color has a shade of complete golden, a shade brighter than his godfather's. Along with the violet color of his left eye, they both set an eerie glow as they both bore into Jack's very core of his soul.

"It was bad enough that he was fed chocolateâ€¦but during his heat period nonetheless. You had no idea what you have brought upon yourself."

The way he spoke those words made him feel genuinely scared for the first time in 17 years of his life. He had never been this scared ever since he first got information that his parents weren't coming home ever again. Not to mention the possibility of him and his sister might be separated by the system. But this is nothing compared to how scared he was for Bunny being hurt, possibly being slowly poisoned. As much as he wanted to tell that it wasn't his fault, it still doesn't change the fact that he was careless, and even he knows it.

With one last intake of breath and exhale, he finally found his courage to stare back at the Count; his gaze not once breaking away from his.

"I know that." He spoke in a clear and unshaken voice. "And I'm fully prepared to take responsibility. But pleaseâ€|pleaseâ€|help me to help Bunny!"

Count D only blinked once, breaking the staring trance, before sighing heavily as he placed his ornate cup down upon the coffee table.

"I suppose it was inevitableâ€|" then he elegantly stood up as he dusted off his cheongsam a bit. "If you please, follow me to the backroom."

"Where are we going?"

It was the first thing that he could ask after passing some odd number of doors and an occasional twist and turns, all the while carrying Bunny, who somehow kept his balance enough to walk. Could the Count at least offer him a wheelchair or something? He didn't know how long they have been walking but he was sure that it might be at least an hour or so. Jack was struggling a bit since the Chinese man was walking rather fast, despite keeping composure and his posture straight.

"For now, we are heading to Bunny's former room." D simply replied, never slowing down. He just left it like that, making the youth resist the urge to groan in dissatisfaction at the fact that all he received was a vague answer.

"So, we could find some way to help him?" He asked, trying to keep up.

Jack never had forgotten Bunny's former "room" from the day that they have met, even though it was only two months. There were times he wondered if the Count actually cleaned out the said rooms if a certain pet was purchased. But he supposed that he could worry about that, sparing a glance at Bunny who was struggling to muster all strength to keep walking.

"J-Jackâ€|" he mustered out, groggily.

Jack looked over to him as he smiled reassuringly, rubbing soothing circular motion upon Bunny's back. "I'm here, Bunny," he softly comforted him, keeping up the movement. "Don't you worry, Count D will help you."

Bunny didn't respond to him, only letting out what sound like a moan as he weakly reached for Jack's hoodie and gripped it once more. He seemed to be breathing more heavily, and judging by his temperature, he wasn't feeling any good. Whatever D has in mind, he would gladly take it.

Anything for himâ€|

"We are here."

Jack managed to stop before he ran face first into the Count's back

and looked around him curiously. He instantly recognized the daisy-like designs upon the door before looking up to the Count.

"Is this going to help Bunny?" Jack asked, sounding hopeful. The Count looked over his shoulder to gaze at him from the corner of his eye, his expression was never changing. Though the piercing look in his violet-colored eye was enough to unnerve him but managed to stand his ground while keep Bunny on his feet.

"In a way, yes." He spoke enigmatically. "Just go inside and walk far enough into his room."

That was all.

No further detailsâ€|no mentions of medicine of some sort.

Nothingâ€|

Jack was about to question him until another groan was heard from Bunny. It would seem that he had no other option but to take a leap of faith. He walked around D and opened up the door with his other hand.

"Wish me luck," he said before going through the doorway.

"Good luckâ€|" D replied, watching the boy's back. As soon as the boy ventured further into the room, the Count stared on with concern.

* * *

><p>I hope that you all like Leon's cameo...hopefully it won't be the last. Remember to comment andor review.

End
file.